# *The Curse Of Letting Go*

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# *The Curse Of Letting Go*

**By**

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# Before the Goodbye

(Love blooming, quiet longing, fragile hope)

One day, i will be in the soil

O God-

Could you please leave my hand just as it is?

Perhaps she will come to hold it,

when she feel's low, and no one else is **his**.

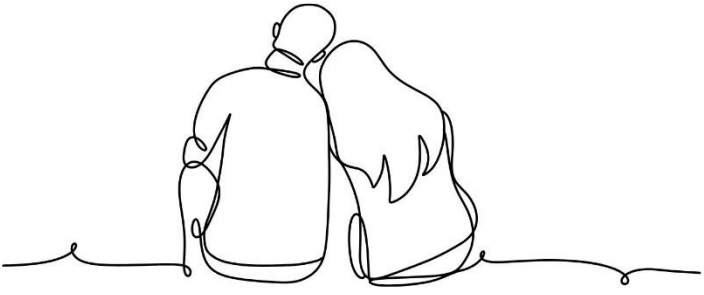
If you're here to say

"No"

Just let me take care of you-

like the shore take care of the river,

like a beam of light cradles the moon.

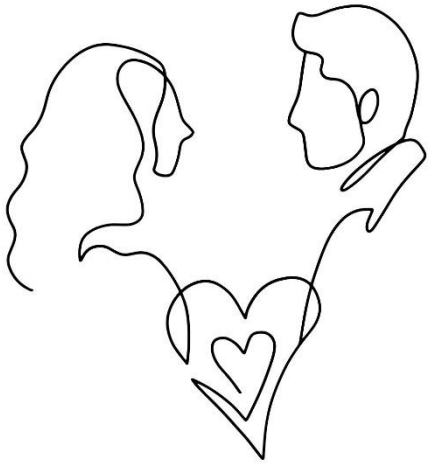


Histories in the library carry a smell

rain on soil holds the scent of remembrance

and your memory in my heart-

it smells like you.



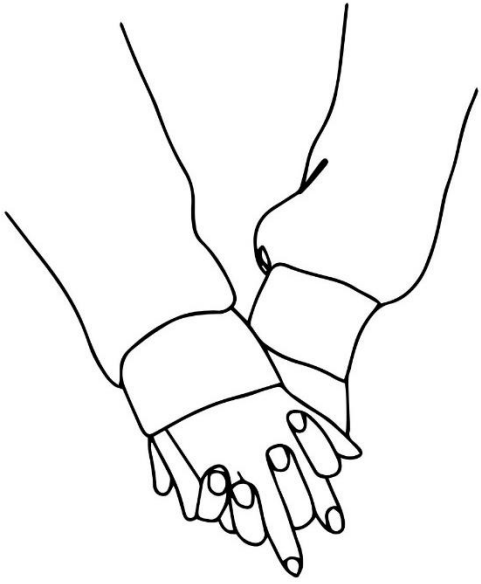
You pulled me close like gravity,

now you scatter like dust

"I love you, can't live without you?

To

" I don't have feeling for you."



A hug can heal a thousand silent nights and countless hidden wounds.

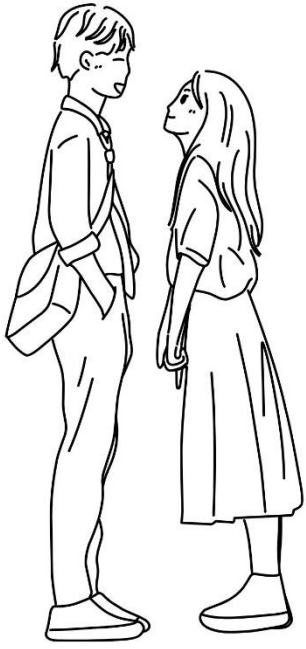
I sat across the room, pretending not to notice you. You looked at me like you wanted to say something too. I typed "I still love you" but deleted it like always. You smiled at your phone, unaware it was meant for you. We shared a silence louder than any goodbye. Our eyes met—for a second—but we both looked away.

If only everyone knew what was in others' hearts,

So many I love you's  would never have died

Of all the ways to set love free,

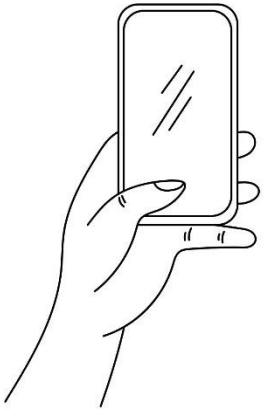
The hardest is — 'You deserve better than me.'



Is it okay if I replay our old chats,

just to feel like you still talk to me —

or maybe, just maybe... see that ‘typing’
flash again someday?



Not every goodbye breaks the heart, especially the ones that whisper —

“we’ll meet again soon."

She loves me...

She loves me not...

She loves me...

She loves me not...

She loves me...

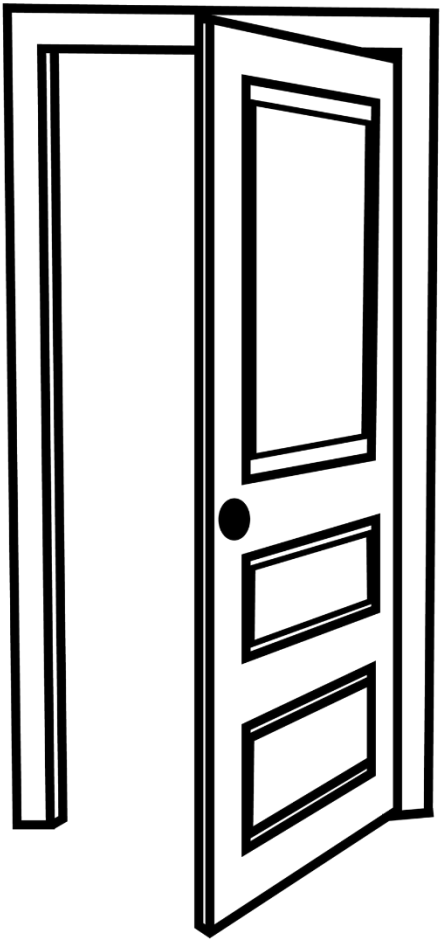
She loves me not...

Oh — the flower’s petals are gone.

Guess I’ll find another flower — just once more.

We both held the door —

I to open it, you to close it.



That night, the moon heard all my stories —

and the next night, it began to fade.

You once asked me —

“Why can’t the sun rise in the West?”

Now I know the answer:

Because it’s not like you —

it doesn’t break its promises.

Once you said—

I had many options,

But I chose you…

Believe me, you’re the best.”

Seven years later—

I stood alone.

# While Letting Go

(The moments of breaking, inner conflict, emotional confusion)

The coffee tasted bitter—

so I swapped it out.

The place felt wrong—

I left and found another.

The flavour still stung—

so I tried a new blend.

At last, I saw: it wasn’t the coffee, nor the place—

it was me.

Everyone brought gifts today—

but no one brought back the one I miss.

Tears fall from my eyes and vanish into the wind,

then someone like you—

like a cloud—

brings them back again.

Some pigeons came and sat before me this morning,

just as I sat on my balcony—

after a night spent awake,

a night spent crying.

For a moment,

I thought they had brought a message from her...

But then I remembered—

pigeons don’t carry messages anymore.

Let no one touch the river—

perhaps that's why bridges are built.

The moon is happiest

when you look at it—

that's when it descends

into the lakes of your eyes.

Ask me all your questions, love—

but first, it's been so long…

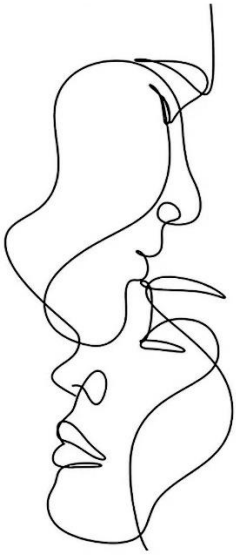
May I place a kiss

on the evening moon

that rests so quietly,

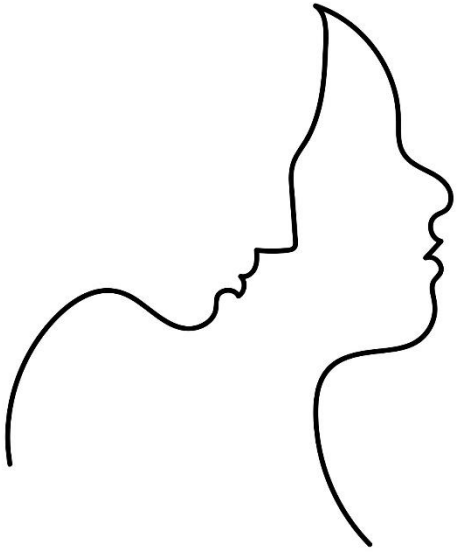
as a black bindi

between your eyebrows?



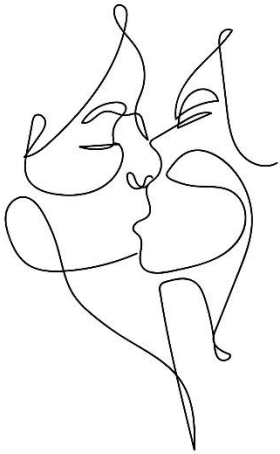
She didn’t touch me—just stayed close enough,

to make every nerve beg in the language of love.



She fasts not to test love, but to whisper to the moon—

‘Even time should wait for the one I breathe for.



Love turns a man into a child—

and when someone leaves a child, he cries, he breaks, without shame...

Maybe I too became a child in love.

Thank God, she was mature enough to walk away.

When we were together, we used to fight, argue, and clash.

But when she was about to leave, she was calm—just quietly trying to make me understand that it’s not working.

And I kept wondering, why was she so silent?

That’s when someone’s words echoed in my mind:

"If you really want to kill someone, don’t do it physically—break them emotionally. They’ll keep dying every single day."

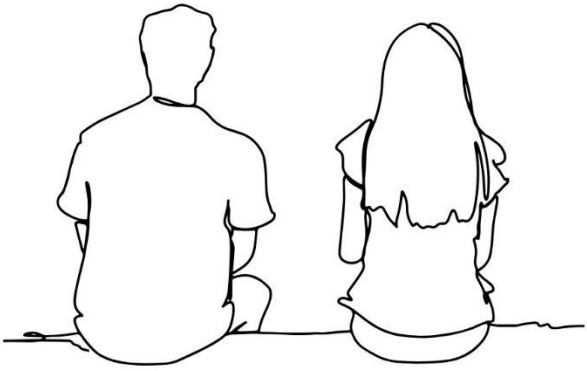
Do you know what happened to that tree where we both had written our names inside a heart? I went there alone again… I saw couples writing their names on that same tree. They think our love turned out to be successful…

I didn’t break their hopes—just quietly walked back.

Did you ever lie to me?”

Only when I said ‘I’m fine’

and you believed it.



Why do you take pictures of me but forget moments with me?”

Because this generation saves faces,

not feelings.

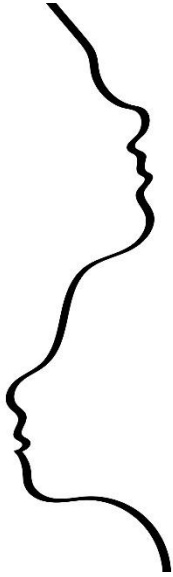
The colour of tears is shown by the expression on the face—

It tells whether they are tears of joy or sorrow.

But the sad part is… we can fake them too.

Her hug crushed the distance so deep,

our bodies became one—our souls had merged long before the leap.



# After She Left

(Loneliness, grief, regret, haunting silence)

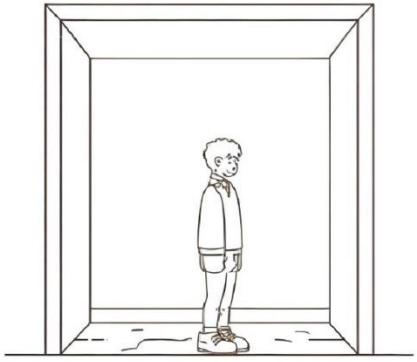
She never knew I loved her—now the stars know her name,

And I curse the road that took her, but not
the love that came.

-*To the onesided love who is no more… But somewhere she is alive…*

I rented a room with four quiet walls—

but no one warned me, memories still crawl.



You knew

I hid us like a poem beneath my pillow,

But you turned that secret into a wound I couldn't show.

Even the idol in my home can sense the emotions on my face—it smiles with me in joy, and mourns silently in my sorrow. But my mother… she doesn’t even need to see me. She feels my happiness and pain from miles away. That’s why I can’t go home right now—

Not after you’ve gone.I won’t be able to hide it from her, and the idol too will weep with me.

"The idol smiles when happiness lights our face,

And weeps in silence when we lose our grace."

***(Soft background piano or emotional ambient music plays.)***

***[Voice 1 – regretful, broken]***

“He cheated on me...”

“I didn’t understand love until I lost it.

Can we start again?”

***[Voice 2 – calm, distant]***

“No.”

***[Voice 1 – hurt, yet hopeful]***

“Have you found someone else?

Do you… still love me?”

***(Two-second pause. Music swells gently, lingering in silence.)***

***[Someone from audience, poetic and firm]***

“All mistakes made in love can be mended—

but only if love stayed true,

and didn’t wander in search of another name.”

Some people don’t break your heart, they just teach you how easily it can be broken.

If only you had seen
how my silence turns to tears
each time I walk away from you...

In the soft hush of sunset,
as the moon waits behind the clouds,
you’d sit on the dew-kissed grass,
pull me close,
place my head in your lap,
and with one hand in my hair—
you’d never let me go.

The breakup was simple —

She became the light,

and I remained

what light never turns to see —

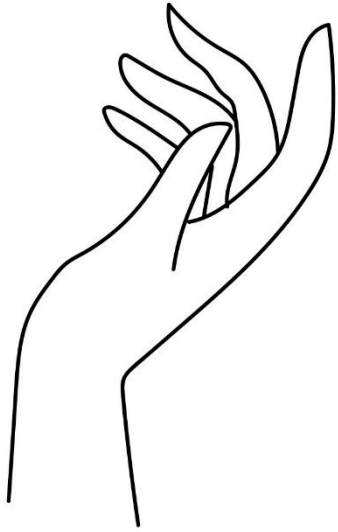
its shadow.

My lips will never write your name on air —

my heart has warned them not to.

When you've already left me to die,

don’t ask whether I'm dying in the mud or in a mansion.



The first night that must have been made,

was made from your hair.

The first winter that came,

must have come after seeing your sweat.

The first house that was built,

must have been made after seeing you drenched in rain.

Just like Ram built the first bridge

after parting from Sita.

No one dares to speak of death —

but the broken-hearted whisper only its name.

To forget you, I held on to your memory —

Perhaps my love was never strong enough… some die just at the thought of parting

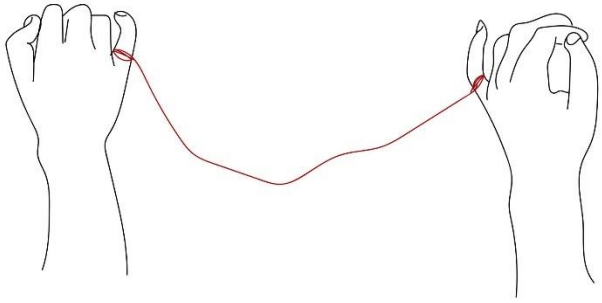
Those who live on in memories after death

hurt less than those who stay alive, yet feel forgotten.

You speak of recognizing good people around us—

Sometimes, we can't even find what's lying
right in front.

Left for another option…



Just one piece of news comes—of something about to happen,

And for days after, accidents of the same
kind keep unfolding.

With a smile, he unveils his book to the world—
but in truth, he's just sharing
another love that didn’t survive.

# Whispers to the Wind

(Letters to God, unanswered prayers, internal dialogues)

Dear God,

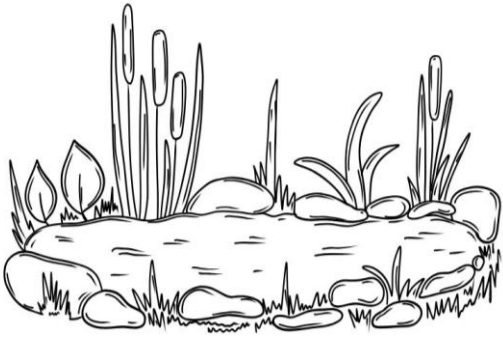
let death find me first—

before I'm cursed

to love again and again

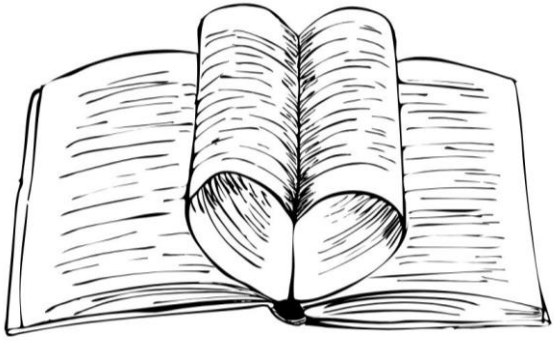
The pond doesn't get sad when water comes into it,

It gets sad when the water dries up.



I have kept you safe,

between the folded pages of old books.



Finally,

I found a boat.

I was drowning—

somewhere in the middle I found the shore.

*-A drowning man's last dream.*

In the sacred light of Love Town

Everything felt right — except us

You were a bride, but not mine

I was a groom, but not yours

Sometimes, argue with me—just to show you care for yourself.

When a devotee finds their God, they lose themselves in silent prayers.

You must be tired...

Come, let me massage your head...

Let me melt away every trace of fatigue with my fingers,

And you—just close your eyes and say your name…

You don’t know how pure your name is.

And when the silence feels heavier than sound,

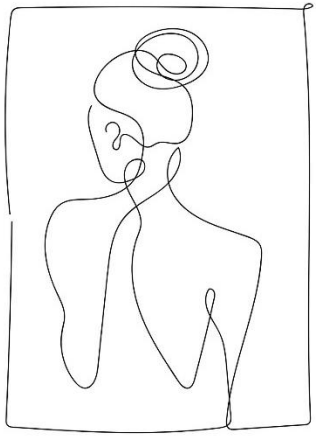
come sit beside me.

We won’t speak —

just let our breaths keep each other company.

There was a morning once,

That woke up with the water dripping from your hair.



The flute is mine,

It carries my breath,

But it's you who turns it into a song

***[Opening scene: Black screen fading into a slow-motion shot of a couple walking away from each other, background piano music playing softly]***

***Voiceover (calm, reflective tone):***

> "Those days are gone… when movies had happy endings."

***[Cut to old film scenes — classic happy endings, hugs, smiles — slowly turning into grayscale]***

> "Now even a movie's story waits for its next part…

just to find its happy ending."

***[Visual: Clock ticking, a film reel stuck mid-frame, eyes staring at a paused screen]***

> "Maybe… stories don’t end anymore.

They just pause… waiting for something that may never come."

***[Final scene: A person turning off the TV in a dark room, reflection on the screen shows them alone]***

> "No one really wants to stay happy anymore.

Or maybe… we’ve just forgotten how to."

People like me…
carry your photo in the wallet
right next to mother’s prayers
and father’s strength.

It’s not just a picture—
it’s a blessing,
a piece of home,
a pocket-sized temple
where love sits folded quietly
behind old notes and empty slots.

Even if there's no money,
I never feel poor—
because your face,
their love,
and a thousand unspoken hopes
walk with me everywhere I go.

How can you not know

someone is coming from behind to stop you?

And yet, you keep walking away.

You'll have to either slow down…

or stop completely.

# Love Letters Never Sent

(Yearning, unsent messages, emotional outpourings)

Let’s embrace each other,

In the stillness of time’s gaze.

Let the scent of your body

Fill the air —

Let our breaths forget to breathe.

Let’s flow together like a drizzle,

Let love rain upon us.

Let your stubborn desires

Be fulfilled —

No matter how deep this ocean is,

Why be afraid of drowning in loneliness?

On these dark nights,

Let’s embrace each other.

In the stillness of time’s gaze —

No noise, no one else,

Only we two,

Ready to drown in each other.

Let this be a new beginning —

Let there be no restlessness, no hesitation

In even the false or true words.

Let’s embrace each other,

In the stillness of time’s gaze.

Let the scent of your body

Fill the air —

Let our breaths forget to breathe…

Some of my

poems —

you’ll understand.

Some songs —

you’ll sing,

those songs,

those poems —

you’ll understand,

they are yours.

The rest is singing to you,

but your heart

hasn't understood it yet.

Wait a little,

just a while more —

the time

hasn’t come yet

And what good could ever come of me, my love?

Even the days stayed dark beside me.

Please, have some mercy on me —

This poor heart, always begging silently.

All the butterflies in this street today

Bring blessings for your wedding day.

With henna on your hands and turmeric bright,

They send you off with wishes of light.

My love, my shadow walked beside you —

But only up to this point in time.

That night we met, the moon did shine —

But only up to this same line.

Oh God, how will she ever return?

Tell me —

I’ll let my tears flood like monsoon rivers,

I’ll fold my prayers into paper boats and send them to the sky.

Ask me to burn,

and I’ll become ash that writes her name in the wind.

Ask me to break,

and I’ll become shattered stars waiting for her night.

But please…

just whisper once —

how does a fallen petal find its way back to the branch?

I set the trap,

then blamed the prey.

Since you left me behind

Even my sleep stays awake with me

*Waiting for you…*

When do you know me from?

When do I know you from?

You'll answer —

in days, months, or years.

But I'll answer — in lifetimes.

That's where the difference lies —

in relationships, in love.

I'll keep regretting —

That I couldn't even understand myself

But you'll regret —

That you couldn't understand me.

You failed to realize —

This is where the gap comes in closeness —

People arrive,

bring nothing with them

to the earth.

They don’t try to —

But when they leave,

they try —

To take emotions, thoughts along with them.

That’s where the difference lies —

In coming,

and in going.

# The Endings We Don’t Speak Of

(Closure, philosophical reflections, final truths)

**AT LAST…**

Some pains slowly become a habit —

and I've learned to live with that pain.

When the pain is there,

I laugh and cry like ordinary people.

But on the days it doesn’t visit me,

people ask — "Why are you sad?"

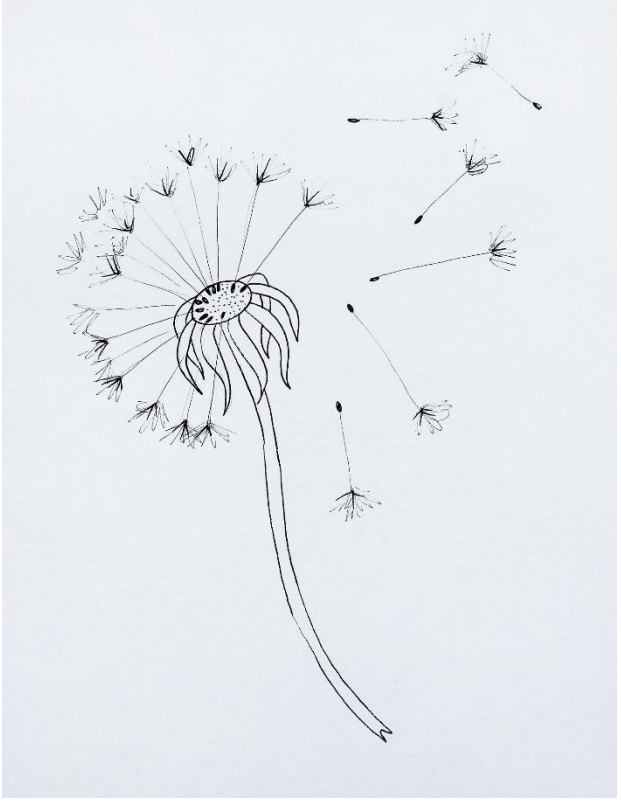
Like how sometimes we see a bird without feet...

Yet it looks so normal,

Pecking grains and flying just like the others.

Be careful!

these days even hearts are put up for rent,



That day, nature gave me so many signs—

as if it knew you were going to leave me.

The honeybees were fighting,

my left eye kept twitching,

and crows had clouded the sky like a storm.

There used to be a plant that lived with me in my room.

Today, it withered away.

You were unfaithful to me,

and I was unfaithful to it.

Talk—talk a lot.

Who knows, maybe just by talking to them,

they might stop thinking about dying.

Difference between you & me

You said - goodbye .

I said - "goodbye"

"In search of poison, one day I myself will become the poison."

How strange it is-

We only see what we want to see

Sometimes even in the clouds

I see your face staring back at me.

She swayed as she said “ I could die with you”,

Then kissed me- with poison on her lips too.”

In the royal palace of Mewar, Princess Meera was unlike any other. While others wore jewels, she wore the name of Krishna around her neck. From a tender age, Meera believed Krishna was her true husband—not a statue, but a living, breathing soul.

Even after being married to a Rajput prince, Meera's heart never shifted. She would spend nights in devotion, singing bhajans, her soul dancing in divine ecstasy. People called her mad, her in-laws tried to silence her, society scorned her. But Meera remained unfazed.

One night, when everyone slept, Meera stood before the idol of Krishna and said, “If loving You is madness, let the world call me mad. My body may belong to this palace, but my soul is forever Yours.” And in that silent surrender, something miraculous happened—she disappeared, leaving behind only her veil at the feet of Lord Krishna’s idol in Dwarka.

They say she merged into Krishna—not by touch, not by flesh, but by spirit.

" First, this world used to understand love.

One day, this world will understand love again. "

I asked for a lifetime, but all i got was a moment with you.

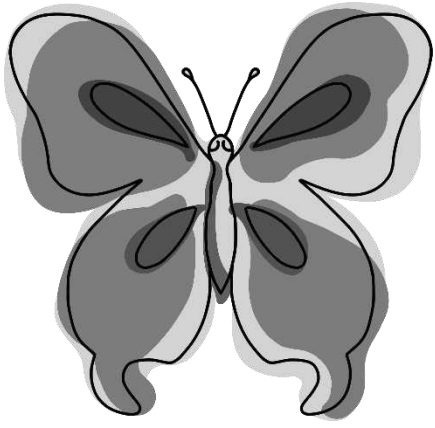
In the end, even love settles

Where the pockets carry some weight…

Don’t pluck the flowers-

they are where butterflies

come to fall in love



As you left, sitting in that train

My heart kept calling-

Like tracks in the pain.

I took a sip from the glass you left behind,

And my soul whispered—

"Was that nectar?"

In the silent mountains, your voice is a song,

and the sound of your anklets—its melody.

They said no to you, but God was protecting the ‘yes’ that wouldn’t come with conditions.

The mirror never lies—but we still look into others,

Hoping their eyes will show us who we are.

Come back, just come back…

Come back again, bringing your love with you.

Bring all the stories, all the unsaid tales—

Just come back, bringing your love again.

Every part of me is wrapped in darkness,

Only your presence can fill it with light.

Let this restless mind finally find peace—

Come and calm it, come and hold it.

Like waves hug the shore,

Let your silence pour love into my emptiness.

And let your return be the most beautiful gift—

Just come back, with love once more.

Somewhere along the way,

Your love got lost.

I kept feeding on your memories,

Until even my soul turned barren.

Now, bring with you

The rights to my monsoons and the grace of your moods—

Just come back, just come back…

Come back again, bringing your love with you.

What makes me different?

You don’t try to fix me—

you try to understand me.

People carry their wounded heart to so many places—

Some wounds die over time, and some make
us die with them.

Believe me, even love feels full with just two bites of bread—

when she feeds me with her lips touching each morsel,

like a bird bringing food for its mate while
building a home.

The song is searching for wounds on the body,

It’s looking for lips whose singing brings peace.

(Soft music in background, slow zoom on a person looking out the window)

Voiceover (gentle, emotional):

"Start talking to those who live in your heart —

after all, a little bit of you belongs to me too."

But you could've come...

like water flows to the lips of the thirsty —

not by seeing them as thirsty,

but by knowing himself as water.

In reels, even pain looks beautiful with a filter,

In relationships, even real tears get scrolled past.

Hey, don’t take out your phone—

I don’t have a QR scanner.

I’m just someone

you walk a few turns with…

At the next bend,

someone else must be waiting

to use me too.

***[Scene 1: Blank screen / old diary opening]***

Soft instrumental piano music starts

***Voiceover (slow, emotional tone):***

"We often talk about memories..."

***[Scene 2: Old photos being flipped / a moment of laughter captured in slow motion]***

***Voiceover:***

"But their beauty... was never in the remembering..."

***[Scene 3: Childhood scene / walking on an empty road / flashback moments in soft tones]***

Voiceover:

"It was in the way we lived them — fully... deeply..."

***[Scene 4: Fade into text screen]***

***On-screen text:***

“Memories held their beauty,

when they were fully lived — not just remembered.”

***[Scene 5: sitting with a notebook / fading music]***

There’s a kind of pain that doesn’t scream.

It sits there—swelling in silence, like a bruise that no one sees.

It doesn’t bleed, and maybe that’s the worst part—

because if it did, at least someone would notice.

At least I would.

But no—

it stays inside,

pretending to be strength,

when all it ever wanted

was to fall apart loud enough to be heard.

Ever since he touched your red saree,

he turned into a rose — blushing crimson with love.

But one day, he touched the red saree of a martyr's widow —

and became a white rose,

singing songs of peace to the world.

On a simple, innocent girl—

when my heart suddenly fell,

I started writing songs

in the middle of science problems as well.

Whenever I grow tired on this journey of life,

I still look at your photo—

the one where you smile,

as if you're still looking at me.

Good people leave early,

while the wicked stay behind—

because they keep entertaining

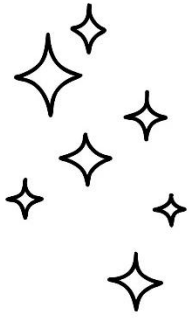
the juggler called life.

If you were among the stars,

you’d be the first to fall—

because even the sky,

you never quite liked.



It rained only twice this year —

Once, we were drenched together,

And once, in memories.

The first kiss of first love

still lives in the pocket of memories—

breathing softly,

as if time never moved on.

For a little while,

we'll be apart—caught in life's duties,

but love will wait in the silence,

like a sunflower staying alive

in the longing for the sun.

The God and the Devil within your mind can speak every word known to the world—

it all depends on you, whether you let God speak through you or the Devil.

Your smile turns into raindrops,

your face glows with playful sunlight,

and together, they create a rainbow on your face

from one eyes to another.

Don’t stir my heart, twirling your scarf around your fingers like that…

Let me hold on a little, and you hold on too

*— in the silence of waiting, love blooms.*

All night,

I kept the fireflies awake—

gently playing her bangles

As the towel slipped away from her curls,

Even the winds bathed — in a monsoon without rain.

The painting hanging on the wall made me realize,

Sometimes, silence speaks the deepest truths.

Her breath stood at the edge of my lips—

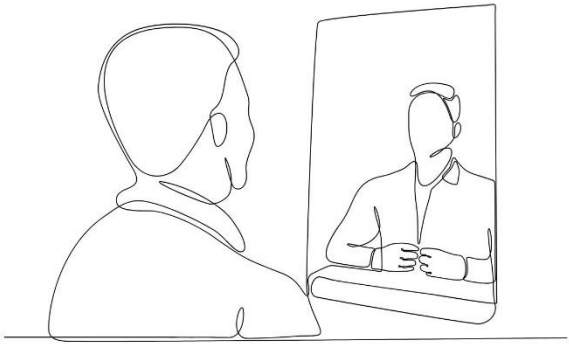
like a candle's flame flirting with the storm, unsure if it should burn or disappear.

She sipped her coffee, lips slow and bare—

And I burned like sugar melting in her stare.

They say I’ve gone mad since she left—

if only they saw the mirror I scream at, behind
the smiling glass.



She’s coming over today,

so I better clean the room—

her memories,

the tears that fell after our fights,

the chocolate wrappers she once gave,

and the love-soaked lines I had thrown

around this room,

searching for the right words to say something kind to her.

Now, I’ll have to throw them all away.

Don’t take me for a fleeting bee,

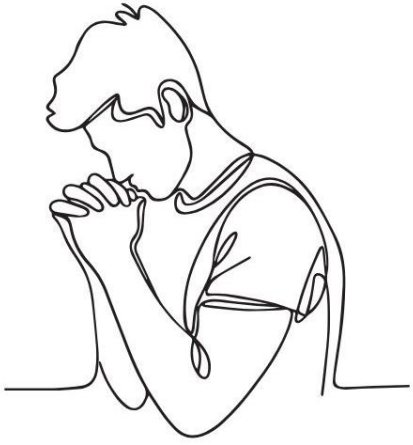
who deserts the bloom once it begins to flee.

When youth has loosened its silken thread,

call me still—

we’ll sit in twilight’s tender lap

and weave dreams for the life ahead.



When there's no one to take care of you, try taking care of yourself — it feels surprisingly good.

O dear season, don’t be sad—she left me,

but please, be gentle with her.

The rain doesn't just fall on earth,

it falls to honour her walk and worth.

I'm the flame in

your dark room-

You light me up

when you need the glow,

the rest of the time

i'm lost in shadows.

where are you?

Like the Atlantic and Pacific

we came close –

our waves touched,

but we never became one.

Even God writes Some Stories just to let People meet, not to stay together.

O life,

Give me just one moment to

Hold her in my arms

I promise I will return every breath

Every borrowed second.

Are you about to betray me in a big way?

If no, Then why are you agreeing with everything I say.

And I?

I stayed ashore…

I was always at the edge…

Always left behind on the shore.

Please, have some mercy on me —

This poor soul… was always just poor.

Oh God, how will she ever return?

Tell me —

I’ll let my tears flood like monsoon rivers,

I’ll fold my prayers into paper boats and send them to the sky.

Ask me to burn,

and I’ll become ash that writes her name in the wind.

Ask me to break,

and I’ll become shattered stars waiting for her night.

But please…

just whisper once —

how does a fallen petal find its way back to the branch?